

HOPE JONES' TALK.

Forty-five Cents Door Money
Doesn't Displease Him.

LAYS IT TO THE HARD TIMES

Tells His Hearers That Women in America Have at Last Been Recognized as Reasoning, Thinking Human Beings.

(Copyright, 1903.)

Ladies and Gentlemen of Thornapple Creek—Although your town contains only twenty-four houses, a store and a sawmill and yet to hear its first locomotive whistle or see its first broiled lobster, I am complimented by the large and cultivated audience gathered here this evening to listen to my lecture. The money taken in at the door amounts to only 45 cents, but I shall not abbreviate my lecture on that account, but lay it to the stringency of the times.

No one within sound of my voice will dispute the fact that a new era



"I WAS IN JAIL FOR LICKING THE LIGHTNING ROD MAN."

has dawned for woman in America within the last fifteen years. She has come to the front, and she has come to stay. It has taken thousands of years to do it, but she has at last been recognized as a reasoning, thinking human being. It is an era that we should all be proud of. We should all be glad to acclaim her as man's equal, and yet dangers lurk in the path. There is a fear that woman may go too far and wield her influence in the wrong direction.

To the wives present I wish to recall the name of Christopher Columbus. We all know what he did, but very few of us know that he would have accomplished the same thing at least fifteen years before for his wife. He had got it into his head that there were other countries to discover, and he was thinking and planning. When he told his thoughts and plans to his wife she put her foot on them. She wanted him to stay home and milk the cow and split the wood and make garden, and she raised such a row about it that he remained and did not get away until after her death. Had she lived on thirty years more where would this country have been? Who would have heard the name of Columbus to remember it an hour? He would never have got farther than the city hall, and he would never have been heard of outside of his own ward.

Columbus came at last and discovered us, and now you find us a nation of 80,000,000 people, but suppose his wife had let him come fifteen years before? We'd have had at least 200 more trusts by this time, and the present financial stringency would have been a thing of the past. We'd have also known whether Mr. Roosevelt was going to run again or not.

And I call your attention to the case of Benjamin Franklin. Mrs. Franklin was a good soul, and no doubt she made the best pumpkin pie in Philadelphia, but she didn't understand ambitions in a man. Just when Benjamin was forging to the front she wanted him to turn in his tracks and open a shoe store. She not only wanted it, but she insisted on it, and the hired girl says they had a regular row. Suppose she had carried her point. Suppose the great and wise Franklin had forsaken his ambitions and become a boot and shoe man and squeezed No. 4 shoes on to No. 3 feet. We stand appalled at the idea of it.

When George Got Married.

When George Washington got married he had his future pretty well mapped out. He knew what he wanted and was going for it.

It wasn't a week before his wife began to butt in. She wanted him to become a farmer and go around in his shirt sleeves and with patches on his trousers. She wanted to see him milking cows and pounding oxen and starting off to market with a roll of butter and a dozen of eggs. That was the measure of her ambition, and when George couldn't see things that way there was a coldness lasting a fortnight.

Great Scott, but suppose that Washington had given in! Suppose he had been a man without an iron jaw! Suppose he had laid aside his aims and ambitions and gone to raising squashes and pumpkins and gathered a family supply of catnip in the fall! I see the most of you are pale faced and trembling at the thought. Had he done so this country would have had no father. It might have had no liberties.

What name stands out on the Declaration of Independence like that of

John Hancock? He was a gilt edged patriot from the first. Mrs. Hancock wanted the colonies to be free, but she didn't want John's coat tails burned in the doing of it. When he started or that meeting in Philadelphia that was to result in a cataclysm she sought to keep him back. She finally threatened to go home to her mother if he went to Philadelphia, and what was his reply? You may have never read it, as a great many historians have deliberately left it out of their pages, but it has come down to me from an authentic source. He told her just what any patriotic husband should tell his wife under the circumstances. I have a picture of him in my mind's eye as he stood facing her. As she gives him her ultimatum he draws himself up, folds his arms, and looking down on her with the pride and scorn of a king, he replies:

"Then go and be hanged to you!"

He went to Philadelphia and signed that declaration and got others to sign it, and you know the result. Suppose he had stayed at home and gone huckleberrying instead!

When Fulton began working on the steamboat that afterward voyaged on the Hudson and revolutionized the world's transportation, Mrs. Fulton told him that he was wasting his time. She had the idea of the patent washing machine in her mind, and she insisted that he drop his idea for hers. She was at him night and day to do this. She had it all figured out how much soap and starch and rubbing would be saved, and as a matter of fact she did haul him off his own work for a week or two. When he went back to it there was a family row, and she wouldn't speak to him for a month. Even when he had finished his boat and she was moving majestically up the majestic river Mrs. Fulton was so mad about things that she denied it was a success. I see that chills are running up your backs and your hair standing up at the thought of what this world would have lost if Mrs. Fulton had been permitted to interfere with her husband's ambitions. We'd have had a washing machine warrant to save 10 per cent of elbow grease, but what of the thousands of steamers that come and go?

Not a Washington.

Take my case for another. I am not a Washington, a Hancock or a Columbus, but I have always had my aims and ambitions just the same. I wasn't ten years old when I decided to take the lecture platform. My mother tried to spank it out of me, my father tried to get it out of me, and my school-teacher, who was jealous, tried to cuff it out of me, but it stuck. It was there when I was hoeing corn for 50 cents a day. It was there when I was in jail for licking a lightning rod man. It was there when I finally got married. As soon as I told my bride what future I was working for she insisted that I become a hog driver—buying hogs of the farmers around and driving them to market! Some young men would have given way, but I stood firm. We parted almost at the altar, but where is that woman today? Who has ever heard of the next man she married and insisted on his opening a hen farm? They are not known from the sands of the seashore, while I stand here before you tonight with the laurel leaves crowning my brow.

Wives, beware! Hands off! Every husband in the country has an ambition. You see yours sitting on the fence by day and down at Skinner's grocery at night and you abuse his laziness. It may not be that is all. He may simply be nursing his ambition—waiting till the time comes for him to make his mark in the world. By jawing enough and by threats of the rolling pin you may stir him up to cut sufficient wood to last over Sunday—even to get himself into the potato patch or the cornfield—but in the doing of it you may destroy a future president of the United States and topple down the bulwarks of American liberty."

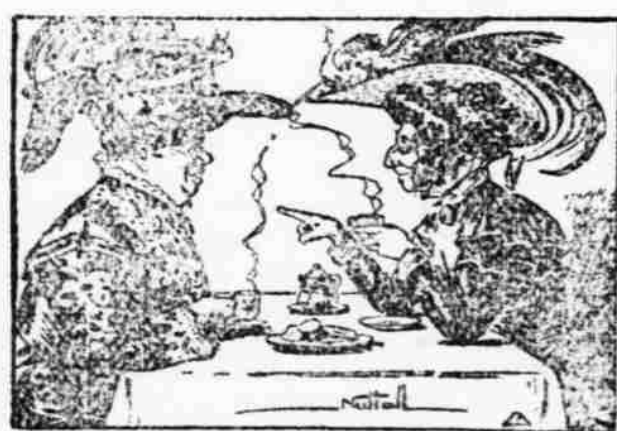
M. QUAD.

Where He Fell Down.

"You seem to know a great deal about women," remarked the young man.

"Yes," replied the great detective. "I know what they ought to do and I can easily find out what they have done, but I confess my inability to tell what they are going to do."—Detroit Tribune.

"Oh, Wad Some Power," Etc.



"And, my dear, she had on a hat. Well, if you'd seen it, you'd have gone into hysterics."—Browning's Magazine.

Art and Materialism.

"Literature has to face many discouragements," said the sympathetic auditor.

"Yes," answered the man with ink on his fingers. "There is just one thing to be thankful for, and that is that they don't boost the price of postage stamps as fast as they do the cost of white paper."—Washington Star.

Improving on Acquaintance.
"I cannot see," said candid Clara.
"How, when you chance to pass a mirror, Charley, you've the face
Ever to face the glass."

"I know," Charley answered her
With true humility.
"It is a homely face, and yet
I find it grows on me."
—Saturday Evening Post.

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THE PROHIBITION ELECTION.

Dates For Opening and Closing Registration Books—Judge Pritchard Talked of as Republican Nominee For Governor.

Messenger Bureau,
Raleigh, March 31.

Assistant Attorney General Clement has given Chairman John A. Oates of the North Carolina anti-saloon league an opinion as to the period during which the registration books shall remain open for the prohibition election which is to be held May 16th. He says the books should be opened at 9 a. m. April 24th and be closed at sunset May 16th, thus giving the 20 days required, excluding Sundays.

Fertilizer tax tag sales have taken a sudden advance and now are said by Secretary Elias Carr of the agricultural department to be only about 10 per cent under those of last season to date. The movement has been slow. In some sections the season is late for farming operations, though advanced in point of vegetation.

Governor Glenn today spoke at Vanceboro, this being one of his speaking points in the prohibition campaign. He will be on the wing practically all the time from now until after the election, May 26th.

Not a few people are expressing the belief that Judge Pritchard will be the republican nominee for governor. It is some distance ahead, of course, and there has been remarkably little talk among the republicans as to who their nominee will be.

The school authorities here are taking up very actively the campaign for an increase of the local tax for schools. At Raleigh it being found that the tax now imposed falls \$15,000 or \$20,000 short of the needs of the large and growing school systems.

Charters are granted the Old North State Paper Company, of Greensboro capital stock \$10,000, B. W. Bagley and others stockholders and Greensboro Drug Company, \$25,000, A. J. Klutz and others.

State Superintendent Joyner spoke today at Creedmore in Granville county, in support of the movement for the issue of bonds for a handsome school building.

The travelling men in the state will file a formal complaint before the corporation commission against the new requirement by the railroads that mileage books shall be given to the ticket agent, tickets to be issued to the point of destination and the mileage taken by the agent. The travelling men are much stirred because of this.

Principal John E. Ray of the state school for the blind says there are now 90 of the negro blind in the institution here for that race. They are very much crowded and need more space.

Regulates the bowels, promotes easy natural movements, cures constipation—Doan's Regulets. Ask your druggist for them. 25 cents a box.

"The party of Hope" is the designation given to democracy by its leading expounder. And a very good thing Hope is as a party equipment and, according to the poet, subject to almost indefinite self-renewal. But the Bible tells us that, when too long deferred, Hope maketh the heart sick and we fear that the democracy has about reached the limit of digesting disappointment.

The prophet of Hope is a cheerful messenger and we accord him cordial welcome; but we hunger and thirst to greet him once as the Herald of Realization.—Virginian Pilot.

"I thought you said when I hired you, that you didn't drink?" "I didn't at that time; I couldn't afford to drink until I got a job."—Brooklyn Life.

Farmers, mechanics, railroaders, laborers rely on Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Takes the sting out of cuts, burns or bruises at once. Pains cannot stay where it is used.

THE WHITE PIGEON LOST.

Mysterious Bird Mistakes Southern For C. & N. W. Train at Hickory and Wanders Away, So the Story Goes—A Strange Tale.

Visitors in the city from Hickory and beyond tell strange tales of the mysterious white pigeon which for three weeks accompanied the C. & N. W. train from Lenoir to Hickory and back again, sometimes going ahead, frequently trailing behind and oftentimes flapping its beautiful tapering wings within a few feet of the coach windows so much so that passengers within, if so minded, might easily reach out and lay hold of it as it industriously kept pace with the moving train.

This, however, is ancient history for the bird's uncanny conduct has been mentioned on several occasions previously, much speculation being indulged in as to what it portended, some saying one thing and some another.

But the bird has disappeared. It is no longer to be seen going ahead of a C. & N. W. train, flying between the tracks nor trailing along behind as if to guard the rear.

The spell, whether for good or evil, has been broken.

According to the most trustworthy reports obtainable, the bird one day last week mistook a Southern for a C. & N. W. train at Hickory and wandered away from its accustomed haunts, and has not yet returned. Whether instinct will assert itself or not, and the craving for home overcome a desire to see more of the world, certain it is that the bird is being missed. Its return will be eagerly awaited by the trainmen and others who had come to regard it with veneration and its loss should it not return, will be keenly regretted.—Charlotte Observer.

Negro Held as Suspect.

Sheriff Lon Taylor, of Jones county, while in the city today, informed the Free Press that he had arrested a negro Friday, March 20th, and is holding him as a suspect. The negro had a fresh scar on his face and neck, done with a knife. He claimed that a party had slipped upon him at New Bern, and cut him. He is a yellow negro and weighs about 160 or 170 pounds. Has name "Joe Bradley," tattooed on left fore-arm. It is expected that he is an escaped convict from some county near here and Sheriff Taylor is trying to locate where he belongs.—Kinston Free Press.

Impure blood runs you down—makes you an easy victim for organic diseases. Burdock Blood Purifier purifies the blood—cures the cause—builds you up.

The Heiress—But they tell me you are embarrassed by your debts. The Suitor—Don't you believe it. But doubtless my creditors are!—Chicago Daily News.

Beats the Record.

Jack—In the Oriental world a girl never sees her intended husband until she is married. Floss—How odd! In this part of the world she seldom sees him afterward.—New York Globe.

"I haven't seen a drunken man since I've been here," declared the visitor to the prohibition State. "Oh, we are not ostentatious!" exclaimed the Georgian man.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Now's the time to take Rocky Mountain Tea. It drives out the germs of winter, builds up the stomach, kidneys and liver. The most wonderful spring tonic to make people well. You'll be surprised with results. 35c, Tea or Tablets. R. R. Bellamy.



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9th. Drain pipe is removable, making easy to clean if necessary.
10th. Drain-trough in bottom helps circulation and is convenient in cleaning refrigerator.

11th. Trap in front where easily seen the waste pan emptied when full.
12th. Shelves are galvanized steel.
13th. Patent casters that cannot drop out.
14th. Lid locked together at corners making them durable.
15th. No condensation owing to a perfect circulation.
16th. Superior finish.
17th. Our guarantee that every "North Star" Refrigerator will be exactly as represented.
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We also have a complete line of cheaper clothing, and make a specialty of Boys' Clothing. Knee pants suits, 5 to 17 years, and prices 90c to \$2.00.